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was exhibited at the Salon of 1877, and procured its author a medal, a rare honor for a foreign artist. It was purchased by Mr. J. G. Bennett, and after figuring in several exhibitions, is now on view with the collection of his works in the present display. "The Procession of the Bull Apis," for which various studies are to be seen in the collection, was bought for the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. "The Assyrian King Killing Lions in the Arena," still more unusual and recondite, is another of the star-pictures of the gallery, and to these "pièces à grand orchestre" are added the exquisite "Tents at Biskra," and a huge budget of studies from nature or finished traveller's views, amounting in all to three hundred canvases.

The first studies, the impressions direct from nature, are the really invaluable parts of the display which Mr. Bridgman, revisiting his own country for the first time in five years, now spreads before the public. The apparatus-pictures, less filled and penetrated with the real spirit of art, are what are necessary to catch the attention of the public. The painter's hardest task is to get the color, the vivacity, the directness of the first sketch into the more ambitious and deliberate finished pictures. Bonnat seems to succeed with this; and his "Ribera Sketching," now at Goupil's, has all the simplicity and eloquence of a first painting combined with the finish and grace of a studio-canvas. But who can work with the hand of Bonnat when Bonnat is at his best? It is the deliberate arrangement, the elaborate composition, the demonstration of care and thought that the public demands; and Bridgman has satisfied this demand with an unusually slight loss of power, and his willingness to produce the official historical tableau unflaggingly and for Salon after Salon is what has pleased the French jury, and procured him, during the last world's fair, the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

Among the illustrations kindly prepared by the artist for this article, the sketch of children playing in the sand is from a painting of great beauty, as artistic in its expression of nature and out-of-doors as it is attractive to the non-professional lover of infancy and innocence. The "Jewish Mother and Child," a group of a popular, decorative, ballad-like sweetness, suffers in the painting from the artist's inability to be completely satisfactory with scenes of figures in the mixed light of Oriental interiors. None of his compositions in this sort, it would seem, is an absolute success, whether

riors with women richly and broadly and harmoniously. But who has succeeded since? The remaining illustrations of this article, even though fragmentary, are happily suggestive of the artist's style, and the first-page picture of this magazine, a Vierge-like drawing by Camille Piton, is a capital reproduction of Bridgman's "Visit." It shows a richly caparisoned ass in the foreground with his driver, awaiting the return of a veiled lady who is taking leave of a friend at the doorway of

like Martin Rico, but without his silver hardness. "Towing on the Nile" (172) with a dahabeah and toiling Nubians, has the same Fortuny touch as No. 56. "Evening on the Nile" (192) is a sunset landscape of great beauty—a mother sits with a child leaning its head in her lap. To fix in the memory the grace of these figures while fixing the fleeting colors of a tropical sunset was like playing variations with both hands on a keyboard. "Saint Lazare Station" (183) is a remarkable effort of memory, with the setting

sun bathing the tops of high buildings around a city railway-tunnel, where the black monsters of engines go trailing and carrying the flashing light of their furnaces in the obscurity. "The Garden at Grez" (216) has the butterfly patchwork of Firmin Girard without his chalkiness and crudeness. The "Veules" (211) is very lovely, with thatched roofs, a bold palette-knife sky, and a burst of sunshine on the cart. "After Sunset, Coast of Normandy" (230) is a most glorious effect of afterglow, with streaked arrangements of clouds and reflections worthy of a sane Whistler. Among these sketches there are flashing lights of noon in Oriental courtyards that have caught the very secret of sunshine.

It always seems hard to dismiss the labor of years of some worthy toiler in a single article, above all in a case like this, where so much has been boldly attempted and so much worthily accomplished. Articles might be written on many of the pictures separately. In resuming, with unadorned sober earnestness, the impression of this gallery, it is found to be one of capital importance to the professional. This artist, almost alone of his countrymen, has no shame in showing his "machine pictures" beside his sketch pictures. The sketch pictures, as always, are the best; but the elaborated pictures have retained the force and vigor of the sketches to a very unusual degree.

EDWARD STRAHAN.



"JEWESS AND CHILD OF CONSTANTINE." DRAWN BY F. A. BRIDGMAN.

an oriental stone house with picturesque lattice windows. Sunlight floods the picture.

In the "Burial of a Mummy" our compatriot completely distances Gérôme by placing behind his carefully calculated scheme of figures a landscape of almost divine purity and beauty, completely impossible to the older artist. Looked at simply for the scenery, this picture is a masterpiece; and where else, since archæology-painting has come up, can we find an archæology-picture with a masterpiece of landscape?

The animal studies are brilliant. Probably Bridgman has never dissected much, as the animals are caught from their aspect of activity, of character, of natural motion, rather than from their structural side. But the result is excellent in its way. Walking in country roads with a friend, or in the streets of Paris, he is in the habit of noting the motions of the passing animals, the shape of the shoulder when strained by pulling, the inflection of the knee-joint, or the rearing of a sudden balk. "Wait one instant," he will say to his companion, and then will whip out a sketch-book, and fix the movement while fresh in memory. Of this sort of instantaneous vivacity are the powerful study of the "Miller's White Horse" and many others, while the rolled-up balls of sleeping cats and the group of lioness-headed Egyptian goddesses show the observation of animal forms in repose.

In a perfectly independent way, Bridgman occasionally suggests other painters, having attained their direct approach to nature in subjects of their special predilection. Thus the sketch 56, of the Nile, is quite worthy of Fortuny, and much like his work, with its level strata of red Nile mountains accented with crisp dark lines, its water-jars on the beach, its dark relief of the statuesque water-bearer in blue-black robe. To the left of the door on entering there is a white minaret cut into the blue of Egyptian sky, that is treated much

#### GRETA'S BOSTON LETTER.

THE ART CLUB'S EXHIBITION—HOLMAN HUNT CONDEMNED BY HARVARD—THE FOLLIES OF ART PEDANTRY—THE ST. BOTOLPH CLUB.

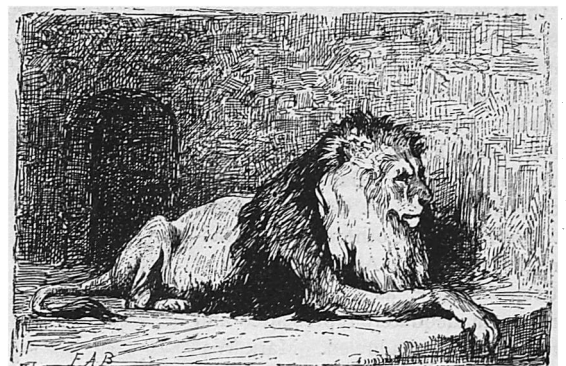
BOSTON, February 13, 1881.

THE Art Club's exhibition, the twenty-third of the series, has witnessed a signal surrender of local art to work from New York and Philadelphia. Most of the



ARAB CHILDREN AT PLAY IN THE SAND. DRAWN BY F. A. BRIDGMAN.

the subject be prayers in a mosque, or highly ornamented Eastern women listening to fortune-tellers or story-tellers. The complicated reliefs, the necessities of reflected light, the difficulties of modelling, are forever before the artist, and he confesses his puzzled state in every canvas. It must be said that every one of these woman groups within doors, forming a regular division of the collection, is less satisfactory than the out-door subjects. Delacroix could paint Oriental inte-



STUDY OF A LION. DRAWN BY F. A. BRIDGMAN.

leading painters of Boston, to be sure, do not contribute at all, and the representation of home production is left mainly to the too-ancient and the too-recent members of the artist fraternity. All the same, another demonstration of the dwindling force of Boston art has to be admitted. An exhibition or two exhausts it for the season. It is said that the American students of Duveneck's flourishing school at Florence, finding that nine out of ten of their patrons there are from Boston, announce their determination of settling in this city on their return to America. Let us hope they will. But

we have heard something of this kind in the case of F. A. Bridgman, and also in the case of E. H. Blashfield, who is a Bostonian. These flattering promises, however, are not kept. Instead of new painters coming to locate in Boston, Boston painters are continually drawn off to New York—the more promising, the more surely. Two of the brightest and most enterprising have departed for the greater city within the past three months, and half a dozen first-class artists have exchanged their habitat within as many years to our loss and your gain. It makes little difference, however, to the art-loving and picture-buying public in what city an artist resides. The influence of his works and the works themselves travel easily from one city to the other. Boston's appreciation of good pictures was never so keen as now, nor her demand for them so strong. What she wants from New York is readily forthcoming, and the patronage bestowed on home-producers will go the further for there being fewer to divide it among. But to return to the Art Club exhibition. The place of honor there is held by W. M. Chase's sketchy "Interior of the Studio," with its feast for the eye of sumptuous, boldly modulated color, glowing from hangings, stuffs, bric-à-brac, and various spoils of the Orient, and brightened by a pretty female figure in blue seated with a Bernhardt grace in a big chair, and holding some dramatic relation over a letter with the fortunate artist—a little idealized as to length of legs—resting from his work a moment on a divan near by. But the gem of the show is a little study of a female figure—simply a girl seated, clad in satin, with bare bosom and arms. The light plays around arms, bosom, and head with just such clinging tenderness and sweetness of effect as it might around the sweet and tender actuality of such a presence. It is the work of Thos.

Eakins, of Philadelphia; and fortunate would that eminent young master be could he often produce a thing in equal degree combining truth and charm, sentiment and reality, delicate beauty of color in depth of subtle shadow. A larger painting by Eakins, a coaching party in the park, full of the ablest drawing and other technical hard work, is yet, after all, neither so valuable nor so interesting as the little study. Eastman Johnson has sent his pathetic "Prisoner of State" and a portrait. Alfred Fredericks invades the city of the Puritans with two admirably characterized subjects drawn from our romantic twilight of two hundred years ago; Wm. Sartain and Henry A. Ferguson send various beautiful examples of their finished culture and perfect taste; and your landscapists are on hand in force—Thos. Moran with two of his grandiose compositions, Arthur Quartley with his "Trinity from the River," and R. M. Shurtleff with his "Autumn Gold;" Samuel Colman, Geo. H. Smillie, W. Gedney Bunce, K. Van Elten, and others with characteristic offerings. As for the Boston artists, they are, as I said at the beginning, inadequately represented and altogether overshadowed. Mark Waterman in one of his powerful green wood interiors, I. M. Gaugengigl in one of his exquisitely drawn and finished little figure pictures, J. M. Stone in an earnestly thought-out and capably drawn cavalry group, George Fuller with one of his mellow portraits, do something to redress the balance. T. W. Dewing may perhaps be counted on our side in pictures that were painted here, although he has lately gone over to the majority. "Sed hæ nugæ sunt"—one a bit of naughtily close drawing from the nude, such as this pupil of Gérôme's executes with entire ease; the other a reaching-after romance of

a mild Burne-Jones flavor, with two figures of no time or no country that I wot of, taking an æsthetic siesta in the shade of a sunflower and a cactus, this last accessory most brilliantly painted with an accurate touch or two of accurate color. The poetic strain of the composition extends even to the watering-pot, which is given a "high-toned" wrench of "intensity" in outline.



CAFÉ AT CAIRO—ALMEH AND ARMENIAN. DRAWN BY F. A. BRIDGMAN.

Holman Hunt has received a terrible blow here; but no one can ever say it was not deserved who looked upon "The Shadow of the Cross." The dispensation of art at Harvard University is under the charge of disciples, more or less devout, of the English school of art, of which Ruskin and Holman Hunt have been garrulous and confident prophets. Prof. Charles Eliot Norton,

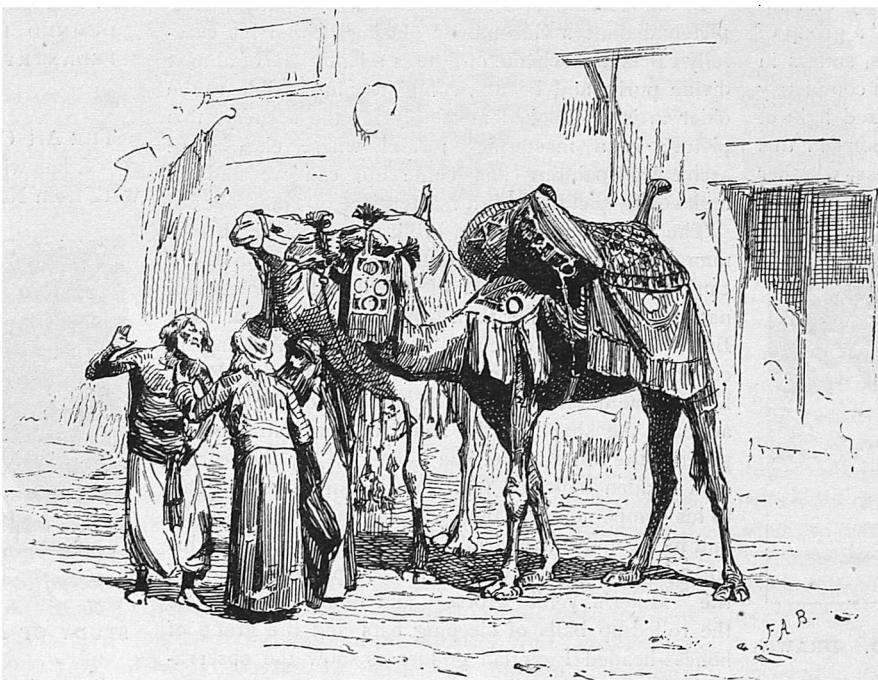
Cambridge as instructor of drawing. Holman Hunt being so eminent an exemplar of the school upheld in the art-teaching and preaching at Harvard, it was necessary to recognize the presence of one of his most important paintings in Boston. Unfortunately that painting was so execrable that not only every lover of art on approaching it had an almost irresistible impulse to put

his foot through the canvas, but anybody who had a true respect for the subject was shocked and disgusted. While the effect of the crowding, jumbled littlenesses and crude ill-assorted colors of the picture on the general public was dizziness and nausea, in the amateur or connoisseur lockjaw or cerebro-spinal meningitis was almost certain to supervene. In these circumstances, it appears to have been thought wisest that the pre-Raphaelite coterie at Cambridge should anticipate the reproaches which a deluded public would be almost certain to heap upon them, and Mr. Moore seems to have been selected to deny the master. This trying task was accomplished in a letter over his signature to The Boston Advertiser, which deserves preservation as a curiosity of the literature of art. Beginning by declaring that Holman Hunt is the most eminent, the most learned, and the most technically powerful of the pre-Raphaelite school of English art, it proceeds to show that in the picture in question he has violated all the principles—even the broadest and most fundamental—of art, has left petty details to dominate over general effect, ignoring all that may be learned from the great masters as to composition and light, has obtained nothing like chiaroscuro, and is apparently unable to see objects and masses in the way an artist looks at them, but only in detail after detail without grouping—in effect, that he is a total failure, at the same time that

he is the leader and the most technically powerful of his school. The Harvard tutor does not draw this conclusion, of course, but no other conclusion can be drawn. His explanation is that there must be something in the artist's "organization" which requires him thus to paint like a tyro and ignoramus in spite of his profound learning in the history of art and his wonderful technical knowledge; and the Harvard apology for the picture is that the idiosyncrasies of great men are always interesting and instructive. Those who do not find it necessary to preserve an abject belief in a school and its prophet at the expense of self-respect, come to the more straightforward conclusion that a man of such vast learning and lecturing power who can paint such a picture, must be either a charlatan or a pedantic dunce, and his obedient followers a lot of noddies, at the very best that can be said for them.

There is, in fact, no sympathy or relation of any kind between these book-learned and book-making art-lovers here and the practical producing artists of Boston. They cannot assign as a reason for this that there is nobody worthy of their association among the artists of this city. It was the same when Wm. M. Hunt and Dr. Rimmer were living, and they were admitted to be the peers of any of the theorists. Attempts were made to gather Hunt into the Cambridge co-

terie, but he heartily despised their conscious and labored "culture" in art matters. Priggish pedantry in art, without any genuine, vital love and sympathy with it, stirred all the antagonism of his gallant spirit. He fought his way through and out of such an atmosphere, which was stifling and maddening to his candid nature, whenever he got caught in it—not without dealing some hard



GROUP FROM THE PAINTING "DEPARTURE OF THE SACRED CARPET TO MECCA." DRAWN BY F. A. BRIDGMAN.

the head of the Department of Fine Arts, last winter brought to this country, you remember, the exhibition of Ruskin's drawings and water-colors, which the American public entirely failed to worship, or even to take a civil interest in. Attached to Prof. Norton's department is an accomplished practical water-colorist and draughtsman, Mr. Charles H. Moore, who serves at



knocks that doubled up the dilettanti, as Mr. Dombey was thought liable to be doubled up by a well-directed blow in the "weskit." Hunt's nearest and best friends in the art fraternity—and there are still two or three worthy of him among our loyal, honest workers—share the same feelings with regard to the pedantic pedagogy which is forever talking and planning courses of lectures, and doing everything else but turning out artwork and encouraging the art-workers.

The St. Botolph Club has made no move as yet for a general exhibition of paintings such as would draw upon the studios of your city. A series of special exhibitions in its gallery is, however, talked of, on the plan of combining the works of two or three of its own artists at a time. An exhibition of pictures, say by Foxcroft Cole and George Fuller, or Cole with "Tom" Robinson, could easily be made up from the private collections of this city, which would show that a Boston school of distinct and noble character exists. Cole and Robinson illustrate a phase of landscape art of which you have no exemplars in New York of any prominence—the simple, straightforward, sincerely devout school, full of unaffected sentiment, yet eschewing any fuss about it, any emphasis upon the poetic significance of things which they really very deeply feel, but in a manly way refuse to make parade of. It is an American, a Yankee, phase of the modern French landscape school, lacking the French finish, but not the true spirit behind it. Cole is besides a water-colorist of rare strength, and etches with fine feeling and happy success. He could make an exhibition by himself that would be remarkable.

The Museum of Fine Arts catalogue is still delayed. But we can be patient, seeing that the cause is the belated arrival of the purchases from the San Donati Museum. When these treasures are opened and hung, which will not be before next week, we shall have something to talk about in the way of art news that will be worth your while. Ten pictures by the best old Dutch masters constitute this precious collection. The museum authorities have lately purchased—in accordance with their policy of buying in the annual exhibition, instead of giving medals or prizes—the pretty, sweet, and almost classical, though realistic, portrait-bust of Miss Maud Morgan by Warner of your city, and also the bas-relief portrait of Bastien Le Page by St. Gaudens.

GRETA.

#### COLOR IN NATURE.

In a recent lecture on "The Study of the Beautiful," in the London Institution, Mr. George A. Storey said: "Color seems to me to reflect our emotions almost more than anything else. A bright sunny day rejoices us with its sparkle, its mirth color; is all astir with strong lights and strong shades: all seems merry, and the air is full of music, what with the birds singing and the children laughing among the flowers. Then there is the golden-gray day. The sun is slightly veiled, and the tones of nature are rich, and deep, and mellow, like the tones of a church-organ. This gives us a deeper and a calmer sense of joy. Then there is the drizzly, foggy, dreary, dark day, when there is no color anywhere; when the air is charged with the smoke and dirt of chimneys, and that is dreadful. But there is also in evening another scale of color, a gradual change from the rich gold and crimson of sunset, to the cool and silvery tones of departing day, when the trees grow dark against the sky, and a refinement of strange mystery envelops all around; every color seems to assimilate itself more and more to the other, and the bright flowers are no longer seen. And then comes night, the reign of paleness and darkness, a symphony in faint gold, faint blue, purple, and warm black, with gleams of sombre green, and bright touches of silver—these are the restful, the sad colors."

REFERENCE was made recently in these columns to the fortunate investments by Mr. Gillott (of steel pen fame), in modern paintings. Among them was "The Slave Market, Cairo," by William Müller, for which he paid the artist £100. It was sold several times, on each occasion at a greater advance in price than before, until 1876, when Mr. Albert Levy's collection went to the hammer and a Mr. Agnew bought it for £2898. Mr. Agnew soon afterward sold it, at an advance, but lately he has bought it back at the price of £2058.

## The Print Collector.

A GERMAN ART MAGAZINE.

THE brilliancy and dash of the French genius in illustrated art journalism and the academical accuracy and finish of the German are well contrasted in the pages respectively of "L'Art" and "Die Graphischen Künste." Our readers are familiar with the French art journal, by name at least. Our German contemporary, however, exquisite as it is in printing, paper, and engravings, we believe is known to comparatively but few persons in this country. It is published only four times a year, and it is costly, for extraordinary pains are taken in its typographical execution. Unlike any other art journal, it prints, besides the usual etching "hors-texte," many others with the letter-press, together with skilful printing from the steered copper-plates, before the paper is put through the press to receive the type impression. Some of these little etchings are charming vignettes of rare delicacy. Photographures, lithographs, woodcuts, aquatints, and photo-engravings are all employed in the illustrations, giving to its pages a degree of variety and technical interest to be found in no other magazine.

"Die Graphischen Künste" is now in its third year. In the first part of the present volume we find an appreciative notice of that very original painter, Anselm Feuerbach, illustrated with a carefully engraved portrait of the artist—which makes him look nearer thirty than fifty-two—and beautifully executed autographic etchings of his works, "Idyll aus Tivoli," "Badende Kinder," and "Madonna inmitten findgender Engel," all printed with the text, while in addition there is a full-page etching after his "Hafis am Brunnen," by W. Kranskopf. The strong etchings of the number, however, are a study of a monk, by W. Hecht, from the painting of F. Lenbach, and a brilliant print by Unger of Jan Steen's "Das Bohnenfest." Both are printed with a degree of skill seldom equalled in the work of any French or English magazine, and not approached in this country. An elaborately stippled etching of "Das Gefühl," one of Hans Makart's series of panels representing the Five Senses, is printed with the text. Several heliogravure reproductions of Kriehuber's lithographic work—effective in their way—complete the important illustrations of the number.

Looking through the back numbers of the magazine as they lie before us, we find some excellent engravings which doubtless would be prized by many collectors, and most of them are the more valuable because they illustrate the works of artists of the various German schools seldom represented in other art publications. Thus we find graceful etchings of the works of the genial Von Schwind, artist of fairy and goblin folk-lore, and several of the fantastic Boecklin, including his weird "Sea Idyl," strongly but unevenly executed by W. Hecht. Among the illustrations of the old masters up to the present time, Rembrandt, Rubens, Correggio, and Van Ostade have been given more or less prominence.

But, after all, the chief distinction of "Die Graphischen Künste" lies in its "get up," which, as we have already intimated, is really above criticism. The magazine, in fact, is almost as superior mechanically to its famous French contemporary as the latter is superior to it in the artistic value of its general illustrations. The letter-press, too, is always scholarly and sincerely critical, which perhaps is not to be said of the other without reservation.

The New York agent of "Die Graphischen Künste" is Mr. Wm. Lindemann, 101 St. Mark's Place.

WE have received from Mr. S. P. Avery a catalogue "de luxe," with sixteen etchings, of the "Collection d'un amateur" (Mr. Edwards, of the Rue St. Georges, Paris), which was to have been sold at the Hotel Drouot on February 24th. Among the fifty-seven paintings on the list are "Les Convulsionnaires de Tanger," by Delacroix, for which Goupil of Paris is said to have offered the owner 80,000 francs last winter; Delacroix's "La Barque de Don Juan;" Rousseau's great work, "Forêt d'Hiyer," which is sure to bring a large price; his "L'Automne," and "Le Vieux Dormoir du Bas-Breau;" Jules Dupré's fine work, "Grand Pacage du Limousin," bought at the Faure sale of 1873. These paintings and several others are

illustrated in the catalogue by etchings, some of which are excellent. Delaroche's "Christ in the Garden of Olive Trees" and Millet's "Les Gardeuses d'Oies" are also among the pictures in the sale.

#### RECENT SALES OF PRINTS.

THE following are the prices obtained for some engravings and etchings sold in London in December last by Christie, Manson & Woods:

"Effie Deans," after Millais, by Barlow, artist's proof, £7 7s. (Agnew); "The Temeraire," after Turner, by J. T. Willmore, proof before letters, £4 (Colnaghi); "The Derby Day," after W. P. Frith, by Holl, artist's proof, £9 9s.

After Sir E. Landseer.—"Laying Down the Law," by T. Landseer, artist's proof, £6 (Agnew); "The Otter Hunt," by C. G. Lewis, engraver's proof, £12 12s. (Vokins); "The Twins," by T. Landseer, engraver's proof, £7 7s. (White); "Free Kirk," by T. Landseer, artist's proof, £4 14s. 6d. (White); "The Shoeing," by T. Landseer, artist's proof, £5 (Hall); "The Monarch of the Glen," by T. Landseer, proof before letters, £10 5s. (Graves); "Braemar," by the same, artist's proof, £11 os. 6d. (Agnew).

Etchings by Charles Méryon.—"La Galerie de Notre Dame," first state, on green paper, £8 15s. (Colnaghi); "Le Petit Pont," first state, before monogram, £8 (Thompson); "St. Etienne du Mont," first state, on green paper, £7 (Colnaghi); "La Pompe Notre Dame," first state, on green paper, £5 (Colnaghi); "Le Pont au Change," first state, £5 15s. (Hall).

Etchings by Rembrandt.—At a sale in December last in London, by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, the following prices were obtained: Portrait of Rembrandt, in cap and feather, No. 233 Charles Blaine catalogue, £9 10s.; oval portrait of the same, £19; "The Descent from the Cross," £45; "St. Jerome," £60; the same, £66; "Peasant Carrying Milk-pails," second state, £23; the same, £44 10s.; "Cottage with White Pales," second state, £28 10s.; "The Goldweighers' Field," £23; "Doctor Faustus," second state, £24; "Clement de Tonghe," first state, £23; the same, £15; the same, third state, £13; "John Lutma," third state, £34; "Ephraim Bonus," second state, £41; Portrait of Coppenal, £20 10s.; "The Burgomaster Six," third state, £30.

From another sale by the same firm the following quotations are of interest:

Claude.—"Le Troupeau en Marche par un Temps orageux" (first state), £7 7s. (Sabin); "The Rape of Europa" (an extremely rare state), £8 8s. (Sabin); "The Shepherd and Shepherdess Conversing" (first state, very rare, with the tall, graceful tree in the centre), £8 8s.

Albert Dürer.—"L'Oisiveté" (on paper with the bull's head), £18 (Ellis); "The Virgin with the Monkey" (a good impression), £56 (Fawcett).

Seymour Haden.—"Breaking up of the Agamemnon" (a rich impression), £7 10s. (Sabin); "Out of Study Window, with the Shower on the Left" (a rare trial proof), £5 5s. (Samuel).

Jean Francois Millet.—"La Femme faisant manger son Enfant" (with autograph signature), £14 (Fawcett); "La Fileuse," £12 (Fawcett).

Paul Potter.—"Le Vocher" (very rare state), £31 10s. (Ellis).

J. A. McNeil Whistler.—"The Houses of Parliament" (early impression), £5 7s. 6d. (Fawcett); "Lime Burners" (good early impression), £6 (Noseda); Portrait of Artist in large felt hat (extremely scarce), £17 (Noseda).

AN exhibition of Thomas Bewick's original drawings has been held in London, the Misses Bewick having lent for the purpose the whole of their father's works in their possession. From among these a selection was made, principally from the "British Birds." Bewick's well-known woodcuts were arranged by the side of his original drawings. To add to the interest of the exhibition, a printer of engravings was in attendance one half of the week printing etchings; on other days a woodcut printer printed from original Bewick blocks.

ALL the plates by the late Jules Jacquemart in all stages have become the property of the Cabinet of Engravings of the National Museum in Paris. There are altogether about 1500 pieces, filling 15 portfolios. The heirs-at-law might have realized a large amount of money for the collection by selling it to amateurs, but they preferred to accept a comparatively small sum offered by the Government, as they desired that it should become the property of the nation.

RAJON is to make an etching of the portrait of Cardinal Newman, by Mr. Oules, shown at the last Royal Academy Exhibition.

M. TIBURCE DE MARE is engaged in re-engraving, in smaller form than the original, some of the best specimens of the art of Fragonard.

MR. J. W. BOUTON has presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art a copy of "Rembrandt's Complete Works," a splendid folio with 336 plates.